

LIBERTY ADVOCATE.

WHEN POWERS ARE ASSUMED WHICH HAVE NOT BEEN DELEGATED, A NULLIFICATION OF THE ACT IS THE RIGHTFUL REMEDY.—Jefferson.

JAMES J. GRAVES, Editor.

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OLD GRIMES' COW.

Old Piedy's dead; that good old cow;
We ne'er shall see her more;
She had a pair of legs behind;
A pair of legs before.

Oh! she was gentl' as a dove,
And knew no bad design;
She had two horns her head above,
Like any other kine.

Her beauty hid from public gaze,
She never brought to view;
Nor made a noise on rainy days,
As other cattle do.

In winter, she was fed on hay,
And fodder cut up fine,
She gave eight quarts of milk a day,
On Sunday, she gave nine.

And in autumn, ev'ry night,
She came home without fail;
She was disposed to fight,
An' kick'd o'er the pail.

She sought her friends 'mong other cows,
With whom she won esteem;
She never kick'd up any row,
But always gave 'em.

Oh! she was generous to a fault;
Betray'd no idle fears;
She never yet refus'd her salt;
She wore a pair of ears.

She much by nature was endow'd,
Tho' thorns her path beset;
And all the other cattle bow'd
When'er her they met.

And now she's gone to that long home,
We mourn, and ever shall;
For every body said she was
A fine old animal.

From the Baltimore Monument.
MISS BEFORE TEENS.

BY GREGORY M. QUIGGIN

Mamma will you please to spread
A little sugar on my bread,
And mamma, dearest, if you please,
To cut a little bit of cheese,
Just a very little bit,
Sweet bread will eat so nice with it,
I'm grown too large now to be courted,
To-morrow, ma, mayn't I be married?

'Come Helen,' said Mrs. Henderson to her daughter, aged ELEVEN, 'put up your beads and trinkets and prepare for bed, it's almost eight o'clock.'

'Indeed, ma, I can't afford to do any such thing as to go to bed so soon,' replied the young lady—'I'm entirely too old to be talked to in such a childish language, and beside, Mr. Kingston is to be here at half past eight, there's his card in the rack, now.'

Mrs. Henderson was dumb in astonishment for a few moments after her womanish daughter had done speaking, and prompted by curiosity, she examined the card rack, and sure enough, the 'compliment of Mr. George Kingston' was there in old English letters, on a beautiful embossed card. Mr. George Kingston had just turned his thirteenth year, he wore a stock, and flourished a silver-headed cane. Mrs. Henderson amused herself a short time with the little emblem of the children's precocity, when replacing it in the rack, and seating herself near Miss Helen, she resumed the conversation, by saying, 'and so George Kingston is to be here at half past eight, is he?'

'Yes, ma, when he sent his card up this morning, the message accompanying it, was, that he would be here at that hour.'

'And for what purpose?'

'Why, ma, to talk about every thing, like other people do.'

'What sort of every thing?'

'Why, the Balls, and the Theatre, and Hamington's Dioramas, and the Ravels, and—'

'Poh, child, hush, and hustle off to bed—you're a pretty minx to talk of entertaining a beau, with balls and nonsense—come, off with you.'

'Minx, ma, what do you mean by that? Do you remember that I have been to boarding school?'

'Yes, child, I remember that you have been to boarding school, and I remember that you have been to dancing school, and there's where you met with George Kingston, I suppose.'

'Yes, ma, you know there's always a few moments' leisure between the sets, and then the ladies and gentlemen promenade and talk about the weather, and a thousand other pretty things.'

'And what sort of pretty things do you and George Kingston, talk about?'

'George Kingston! Ma, it's Mr. Kingston, he's as much right to be called Mr. as any body. He rattaned Henry Cuthbert for slighting me in the waltz, and I don't like to hear him spoken of disrespectfully.'

'Highly tighly, Miss Henderson, and so I suppose we may expect a courtship soon.'

'Courtship, indeed! we are not so foolish as to waste time in courtship; I must tell you, madam—and if you must know it, we have been engaged these two months!'

This was a secret worth knowing, and Mrs. Henderson, as soon as she received the information, prompted by curiosity, determined to await the arrival of Mr. George Kingston, to see how these youthful lovers would demean themselves in her presence. In due time the little hero

was announced, and after a few handsome flourishes of his silver topped cane, he seated himself and began to play the man.

'How did you like the manner in which Miss Fustian behaved the other evening, Miss Helen?' asked the infant wooer.

'At the ball—O horrible, she's the most ill-behaved young lady in the world, and she's to be married in four weeks, did you know it, Mr. Kingston?'

'I heard it in the theatre last night—you should have been there, Miss Helen—the play was excellent and Miss St. Eustace fainted—You cannot conceive how interesting she looked.'

'Fainted! O my gracious! What made her faint, Mr. Kingston?'

'She was so affected at Virginia's being stabbed by her father, Miss Helen.'

'Well, I don't wonder at it, any thing at the theatre looks so natural, and she's a chicken hearted creature. Did you ever see one so frightened as she was at the Diorama?'

'She was very much frightened Miss Helen—and tore some of the buttons of Mr. Wise's coat, in clinging to him for support. She's to be married to Mr. Wise in the spring.'

'To be married in the spring, and so young Mr. Kingston, why, ma says I shant these four years.'

'She's a fortune, they say, Miss Helen, and Henry Howell's mother says he must strike while the iron's hot.'

'The young lady was courted years ago Mr. Kingston, and her first lover died—she's been melancholy ever since, and some say she's in a decline, I wonder if it is true?'

'I don't know, indeed—but the Ravels, the Ravels, Miss Helen, they're going away next, and we must see them before they leave us, when can you go?'

'I can't tell, exactly, Mr. Kingston, may be Monday night, I'll ask ma, and may be she'll go along with us—it will be so fine to have her go with us. Will you go ma?'

'What are you talking about, child, asked the mother, lifting her eyes from a book she was pretending to read, though in truth she had been a listener to all that had been said, and a trial it was to her to preserve her gravity during the very animated and interesting discussion.

'Why,' said Mr. George Kingston, 'I have invited Miss Helen to go and see the Ravels again, and she requests that you will accompany us madam—will you be so kind?'

'O yes, ma, do, it will be so fine, you on one side of Mr. Kingston, and I on the other, I guess Miss Fustian and Miss St. Eustace would feel very flat, both their mothers forbid their beaux coming to the house any more, and they're obliged to meet away from home—do ma, go with us, will you?'

Mrs. Henderson had been exceedingly amused at their friendly chit chat, and she could scarcely suppress a smile when she remembered that they had been engaged these two months; truly, thought she, they will make a lovely couple, he thirteen and she eleven, and they conversing with as much interest and freedom as if they were both twenty, she laid her book aside for a moment, and soberly exclaimed, 'well, I wonder what this world is coming to?'

The little lovers were completely thrown off the track of their tete-a-tete, for it was evident that the surprise of Miss Helen's mother had arisen from their conversation, and her movement had too much meaning in it for them to be mistaken. Miss Helen looked at her mother with a fearful frown, and Mr. George Kingston shrugged up his shoulders and looked towards his hat. Discretion on his part was doubtless the better part of valor—

For he that loves and runs away,
May live to love another day.

And after he had flourished his silver mounted cane, and pulled his watch from his pocket, and adjusted his shirt collar, he arose to take his departure.

Miss Helen, after saying he need not be in a hurry—it was not late, and so on, seized upon the only light in the room to illuminate the dark hall through which Mr. George Kingston was necessarily obliged to pass to reach the street door, and away they walked, leaving Mrs. Henderson in total darkness, where she waited till she was tired, for the return of Miss Helen with the light, and then followed to the door to ascertain what the loving couple were about, and they being so thoroughly absorbed in the ecstasy of affection, did not discover that she was looking at them, until she had seen Mr. Kingston kiss Helen several times—his arms were about her neck, and she was reclining very affectionately upon his shoulder, when the eyes of the young swain chanced to arise upwards, and encountered the gaze of the astonished mother. It is needless to say that Mr. George Kingston scampered off at a pretty considerable gallop, and Miss Helen returned, mortified, to the sitting room, where her mother having reached before her, was waiting with a fine pair of 'cat o' nine tails,' which she put into operation to the no little discomfort of the young lady's arrangements.

The poor child thought it hard that she should be so treated for being in love, and as for the kisses—why she imagined that they were perfectly in place. The mother thought otherwise; and from that time forth, Miss Helen was forced to retire to bed at eight o'clock.

From the Natchez Courier & Journal.

THE DYING CONFESSION

Of John Washburn, who was executed at Cincinnati on the 6th February last, for Murder.

We so seldom introduce the revolting details of murders and executions into our columns, that our readers may be somewhat surprised at the initial sentence of this article. Our reasons for introducing these confessions are, that if any credibility can be attached to them, they may throw some light on the fires in this city in the winter of 1835-36, and show that what was the prevailing opinion of the time, viz: that incendiaries were engaged in the work of destruction was probably correct.

The details of the history of this individual often introduce the city of Natchez, and reveal some events that have always been shrouded in mystery. We leave it to our readers to judge for themselves how much credence is to be given to the words of a dying felon.

Washburn was a native of South Carolina. He commenced his career of rapine and murder quite early in life. At Memphis in the winter of 1827, when but 14 years old, in company with another, he murdered the owner of a flat boat, and plundered the boat of its contents. Within a few weeks after this exploit, they robbed the mail at Gaylen, broke open stores, picked pockets, and committed many other depredations to a very large amount. At last having murdered and robbed a farmer, the excitement was so great that he deemed it advisable to return to Memphis. From that place they soon departed for Natchez. We will now let him give, in his own words, the account of his first visit to our city.

'From Memphis we went to Natchez, where we rented a room of a woman by the name of Catharine Howard; there I became acquainted with LOVETT, JONES, and CARPENTER. I now left my old companions in crime, DENNY and ROBERTS, and commenced business with LOVETT.—The offence I committed with this man was in robbing a dry goods store under the hill at Natchez, from which we obtained \$2015 in money, and a bolt of superfine cloth, which we took to a tailor and had it made up into clothes. This robbery took place in April, 1828. Shortly after this we committed a murder on a cotton planter. We met him coming from the bank at Natchez, where he had been to draw \$600. Lovett and myself went out of town, about three miles, and then waited until the planter came along. We met him and caught hold of the horse's bridle, we both fired at him at the same time—one ball entered his breast and the other his head. He fell from his horse and expired immediately. We then took his book which contained \$600. The body we concealed in the hollow stump of a tree, and covered it with leaves; we then turned his horse adrift. After this we returned to Natchez, and divided the money. This murder was committed in the summer of 1828. On the following day we committed several robberies in the city—picking of pockets, the produce of which amounted to about \$700, and at night divided the money. On this night Denny, my first companion in crime, murdered a man, for which murder he was arrested and executed. The man he murdered was a store keeper, and he robbed the store of \$1700. LOVETT and myself remained together, and the next offence we committed was in breaking open a store on the hill, from which we stole \$500 worth of broadcloths and silks. This property we disposed of to a man who was willing to buy property obtained in the like manner. Shortly after this, Lovett and myself opened a coffee house at Natchez, under the hill. We employed Jones as bartender. We did this with a view to make this house a receptacle for stolen goods.—We broke into another store and stole \$600 worth of dry goods. Carter was concerned in this robbery with myself and Lovett. The next night Wm. Carter, myself, and Lovett broke in a jeweler's store, and stole \$1500 worth of watches and jewelry.

'Shortly after this, Carter and Lovett stole six negroes; we ran them down to Donaldsonville, and there sold two of them for \$1600. We then went to Thibodeauxville, and sold the remaining four for \$3000. After this we returned to Donaldsonville and committed burglary, by which we obtained \$700. On the following night we went on board a trading boat about three miles from Donaldsonville—two men were on board, one of them a Frenchman and the other a Spaniard.—Lovett shot the Frenchman and Carter the Spaniard.—From this boat we took \$1500 in gold and threw the two bodies overboard. These murders were committed in the winter of 1828. Lovett took the

whole of the money, with the exception of what was necessary to bear the expenses of myself and Carter, and returned to Natchez; we remained behind, in Donaldsonville, about a week after Lovett left.—This time we occupied by picking pockets, but were very unsuccessful, for when we divided the money on Saturday night we had not more than \$400 each. We next went on board a flat boat that was going to New Orleans, and when about half way between Donaldsonville and New Orleans, we tied two grinding stones to the feet of the master of the boat, whilst he was sleeping, and threw him overboard. He said to us, whilst in the act of lifting him to throw him overboard, that he would give us all the money that he was worth if we would spare his life. I was for sparing his life; Carter said it would not be safe to do so. The poor man was then thrown overboard and was drowned. His name was William Crawford. We then robbed the boat of \$1800 in specie, bored holes in her bottom and sunk her. We took his trunk, put it into a skiff, and went down to New Orleans. This last murder was committed in the winter of 1828.

'On our arrival at New Orleans, we went to a house of ill-fame, in the swamp, kept by a woman of the name of Sedgwick, who soon introduced two ladies to us.—We remained at this house, living a dreadful dissipated life, for three months. On the night after our arrival at New Orleans, Carter stabbed a man, who died instantly. He stole his book, which contained \$1200. I was not concerned in this murder and robbery, but he gave me a part of the money. On the following night we went to the roulette table, and there lost \$1000; but on our return home we met a man and robbed him of \$1500.—The next night we broke into a jeweler's store on Broadway, and stole watches and jewelry to the amount of \$2000. This property we entrusted to a man, of the name of Henry Wright;—he took good care of it, for he cleared out with the lot, and I have never seen him since. On the following night we again visited the roulette, and lost \$1500. On the following night we again visited the faro-bank, and won \$1800. The next night we committed several robberies, picking pockets, at auctions; we raised about \$700.

'For a length of time after this, we did nothing but carouse about, and led a most dreadful life in drunkenness and debauchery. The next robbery of any importance that we committed was at a jeweler's store near the basin, from which we stole watches & jewelry to the amount of \$4000. This robbery happened in the year 1829. About a week after this we committed a cruel robbery at the house of a widow lady. We knocked at her door, she opened it; we went in, and told her if she did not show us where her money was we would take her life. She accordingly gave us the keys of her drawers, from which we took \$1200. After this we took steamboat and returned to Natchez. On our passage we committed a robbery to the amount of \$1200, on one of the passengers. A great noise was made about it, and every person was searched; but I concealed the book in the blacksmith's shop until the night we arrived in Natchez. As we were going ashore from the boat we stole a box belonging to a Dutchman, which contained \$700 in gold. We went to Lovett's house, and found that he and Jones were doing a first rate business. They informed us that they had committed several robberies during our absence, which principally consisted of burglaries. They said that they had been watching a man belonging to a flat boat, & put us on the track he had gone. Carter and myself went in search of him, and overtook him about thirty-five miles below Natchez.

'We went on board the boat and called for some liquor; Carter pulled a pistol from his pocket and shot the owner of the boat in the left breast, as he was drawing the liquor for us. A boy about twelve years of age came running to assist his master; I caught hold of him by the nap of the neck and the back of his pantaloons and threw him overboard. He endeavored to catch hold of the gunwale of the boat, but I struck him on the head with billet of wood—he sunk to rise no more. We landed the boat, and plundered it of \$2000 in money. We then returned to Natchez, where we remained for three months. During that time we committed some heavy burglaries; one in particular, a store on the hill, which we broke into. Lovett killed the servant girl by knocking her on the head with a large hammer, after which we robbed the store of \$500 in money, and goods to the amount of \$2000. We then took the body of the unfortunate girl and threw it down a well at the back of the house.

'No doubt the public will feel anxious to know in what manner we disposed of the stolen goods: I let them know this by stating that at the time I refer to, there were a number of persons at Natchez termed *fences*, that is, receivers of stolen goods. They would purchase property to any amount, and of any person they knew to be a thief. This robbery and murder

was committed in the winter of 1829.—For those crimes, Lovett, Jones, Carter and myself were arrested, and after three weeks confinement, we, all four, broke jail and escaped. We went to Memphis; there we divided the whole treasure and separated. Myself and Lovett remained together, as did Carter and Jones, Lovett and myself went to Smithland, at the mouth of the Cumberland river.—There we were again arrested, for the same charge we had been confined for in Natchez jail. We remained in Smithland jail three months, and once more broke jail and escaped to Nashville by the stage. At Nashville we rented a room in a house of ill-fame kept by a woman named Patsy Foster. At this woman's house we remained concealed for three months. We used to keep within doors the whole of the day and go out at night. The first robbery we committed in this city was by breaking into the Exchange Bank; this was in the spring of 1829. We entered through the back door of the bank by means of a skeleton key which Lovett had made.—We could not gain an entrance into the vault, in consequence of the goodness of the locks; but we found a packet of money in a desk in the banking-room, amounting to \$3000. It consisted of bills and gold. Our next exploit was in robbing a dry goods store, which we entered by means of false keys. From this store we carried off about \$600 worth of dry goods; but we were pursued so close that we were obliged to throw our booty into the river and trust to our heels for our safety. Our next adventure was on a steam-boat that was laying at the wharf. Whilst the clerk was at supper, I entered the office and extracted \$500 from his desk. During the remainder of our stay in Nashville we did nothing but pick pockets.'

His next depredation was at St. Louis. After which he descended the river to Bayou Sara, and then to New Orleans, in both places conducting on the same villainous scale.

In 1829 he returned to his relations and remained with them for about 2 years.—In 1831, he returned to his former pursuits, and in the fall of that year committed, at New Orleans, in company with his comrades before mentioned, a most inhuman murder on the owner of a flat boat. At Bayou Plaquemine and Franklin, Attakapas, they committed sundry depredations, and at length visited Metamoras. Here the narrative seems in reality more like fiction than fact. They left Metamoras in the spring of 1832, for New Orleans, after being engaged in several heavy robberies and fourteen murders. He states that they brought from Metamoras twelve hundred thousand dollars to New Orleans, where at first by setting up a faro bank and afterwards turning "black legs," were soon fleeced by the knowing ones of their ill-acquired gains. We again give the words of the narrative.

'I have no doubt that many persons who read these pages will wonder how we could dispose of so extensive a sum of money in so short a period of time. The explanation I give to this is, that we entered into a business that none of us understood, and this fact was soon made known amongst the Blacklegs, and so it was *dog rob dog*. After our return from Metamoras, it soon gained publicity amongst the thieves, the great success we had at Mexico, and the large sums of money we had brought with us. A Frenchman, named John Batteece, owner of a roulette and faro-bank at Orleans, pretended great friendship towards the whole of us, and advised us as a father would his sons, to quit thieving and turn black-legs, he clearly pointing out to us the great danger we ran by thieving, also, the honor it was to be a black-leg. We all coincided with his opinion, and took his advice, for which he made us pay very dear. This man soon made known to a number of the principal gamblers of that city, our intentions of commencing gambling. They, knowing our inexperience in that business, in company with Batteece, our pretended friend, formed their plans to fleece us, which they did in a very short time. And there is at the present time more than one man living in Natchez and New Orleans, in an independent manner, on the money they defrauded my companions and myself.—If these pages should fall into the hands of a gambler, he will not require half the explanation that I have given on this subject.'

There are recounted murders too horrible even to narrate in different places.—In 1833 he again visited Natchez, and spent the winter in this city. After which he went to St. Louis, next to Louisville in 1834, when he witnessed the execution of his former comrades Lovett and Jones, and was busily engaged among the crowd in picking pockets!! What a striking commentary on the beneficial effects of public executions! He shortly after visited Natchez and spent one month here, still pursuing his old employment. About Christmas, 1834, he visited his friends who had removed to Wabash county, Illinois; in which State, in April 1835, he murdered a friend and took from him \$1800. In the fall of 1835, he descended the river in a